Miscellann.

Little Gustava.

For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,

And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,

"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Safe in the porch, and the little drops run

From the icicles under the eaves so fast,

And glad is little Gustava.

Filled with bread and milk to the brim,

Up comes, her little grey, coaxing cat,

Gustava feeds her .- she begs for more ;

And a little brown hen walks in at the door

"Good-day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.

With their snowy wings and their crimson feet :

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,-

"Welcome!" cries little Gustava

But who is this through the doorway comes?

"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down

She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown

While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk.

"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,

Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,

Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags

There comes a rush and a flutter, and then

Down fly her little white doves so sweet,

And a wreath of marigolds round the rim

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,

Little Gustava sits in the sun,

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BLOOMFIELD CENTRE,

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow, BLOOMFIELD. Cooling their feet in the melting snow "Won't you come in, good folk ?" she cried Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M. But they were to bashful, and stayed outside,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR. COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, With doyes and biddy and dog and cat. And her mother came to the open house-door "Dear little daughter, I bring you some more, NOTARY PUBLIC. My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves, All things harmless Gustava loves. The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed, And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed To happy little Gustava! -Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas for April.

## BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

BLOOMFIELD.

A Western Granger has written for son

VARIETIES.

Harvard says that "enquire" is right, and Yale says it is "inquire." A singular instance of scepticism is record ed in the case of the man who said the Bible

vas "too good to be true. Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah ike a retired milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet out of the water.

The captain remarks that steerage passengers ought to be very well behaved, they ave so much deck o'er 'em. "He has left a void that cannot be easily

filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier. "The sweet contents bedewed the streets," sighs the Manchester Mirror and American.

It was a broken molasses hogshead. The Wyoming Journal's fees for marriage notices are "as high as the ecstacy and liberality of the bridegroom may prompt."

John Reeves said to his boy, when shaving proved a difficulty, "John, I wish you

posted the notice in his dining-room that sky, and water into one gray leaden cloud, members of the Legislature would be first we began our journey homewards. Tired seated, and afterwards the geatlemen.

A French paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in this country, so that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

A man in Wilmington, N. C. is thus described by a young lady of the same city: He is so stingy that whenever he smiles it not see a hand's breadth before us- I callis always at his neighbors' expense."

you can't bring us wood, remember us in half deadened by the thick atmosphere, your prayers. It is something to know, as we sit and shiver, that we are not forgotton A legislator of foreign extraction remark-

ed, "Ven I vas elected I thought I would find that sleep in that bitter night air might dem all Solomons down here; but I found Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice dere vas some as pick fools here as mine-

have a good deal to complain of, but consumers see hard times, too. What do you thing, you horny-handed hay makers, of er and more distinct. The third time the

What can a man think of his wife's relato be familiar with a man just because he happens to be son of the same father as your father." .

A philosophical Kentuckian who had but garment was drying in the yard, was startled by an exclamation from his wife that the calf had eaten it. "Well," said the Ken-

tuckian, "well, them who has must lose." Dr. Lyman Beecher's salary, seventy years ago, was \$300 per annum and fire-Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Genhas to furnish his own firewood.

> A Hartford gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness Said she: "Here I've been waiting and rocking in a chair till my head swims around like a toy." "Jess so where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

> A Kentucky farmer refused to look at a simple sewing machine recently, as he always "sewed wheat by hand." He is related to the man who did not want a threshing machine on his farm, "for," said he, "give me a harness tug or a barrel stave, and I can make my family toe the mark according to the law and the Scripter.

"If," advertised a philosophical victim, "the person who took a fancy to my overcoat was influence by the weather, then all BLOOMFIELD. is screne : but, if he did so from commer-Goods delivered throughout Bloomfield and cial considerations, I am ready to eater into financial negotiations for its return.

FOR DEAR LIFE.

New Year's Eve some thirty years agoand we were keeping it right merrily at the old manor-house of Stor Aswan, the home of forefathers for many generations. pleasantest spot in all the world, I thought, and still think, that quaint Norwegian homestead, with its buff walls and birchbark roof, which succeeding summers had rendered verdant with an evergreen thatch of moss and lichens. Just now, however, this was not visible, for snow lay thickly upon it, as With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What it had lain for weeks past, not only there.

but upon all the country round. It was the hardest winter there had been for fifty years-so the old folks said-and they foretold its continuance for some weeks

longer. our party, who were all Norse men and maidens born, used to the cold, full of health and spirits. 1, Ella Bieorn, daughter the house, was the wildest of the mad cle who had assembled at Stor Aswan that Christmas-tide to do honor to my betrothal to Eric Jarl, the lover of my youth, ere long to be my husband. As soon as the birch trees put forth their first green tassels, in the early springtime, I was to leave my old home for a new one : so now, surrounded by kinsfolk and neighbors, we were keeping

tions, to meet again we knew not when or led. where. For the last day, therefore, we had reserved the chief pleasure, the crowning gether !" point of all our enjoyments-a sleighing and skating party to Stor Aswan, a mountain-encircled lake some ten miles further our welcome to the incoming guest.

the sky as sapphire, whilst the freshly falpromise. Without, the sleigh bells tinkled and chimed merrily, making the frosty air ring again as the gaily caparisoned horses pawed and shook their heads, impatient as their owner to be off. At length we started, Eric and I as hosts being the last of the party; for of course he was my charioteer.

Of that day I shall not speak ; we were flight "for dear life." all young and in wild spirits, and some of us in love. I, blue-cyed, golden-haired A RELIC OF THE PAST DESTROYED. Ella Bieorn, was the acknowledged belle and queen of the party, and Eric, my lover, the most stalwart youth of the country-side. would not open any more oysters with my But all things, even the pleasantest, must come to an end. - So when the shades of It was a North Carolina landlord who evening began to fall heavily, merging earth, out with my exertions, as soon as we start-I nestled down amongst the soft furs in the sleigh, and, rocked by its easy motion, soon fell fast asleep. How long I slept I knew not, but when I awoke it was snowing fast, and the darkness so intense that we could ed to Eric, who was driving, and asked if all An Indiana editor mildly remarks: "If was well. To which the answer came back, "All well, but for God's sake try to keep

So I roused myself and sat up, knowing mean death. Of any other sear I had no sound come up with the wind-a long-drawn Louisville Courier Journal: The Grangers hollow moan. Twice or thrice it came at intervals, this weird noise, each time nearthe present price of what is called butter? | posies also heard it, for they sprang forward with an impetus that almost shook me out House, he could look down over the town tions who is so savage about his own as to of the carriage. Frightened, I said to Eric, write, "I don't like relations; you are obliged "What, Oh! what is that?" And the answer came back, short and stern, "The bought up 80,000 acres of land, including Salten wolves!"

last poor chance lay in the darkness of the night and our nearness to Stor Aswan. Eric still held the reins, and I cowered down

me new courage. I felt that, come what on the old iron plate. might, we should at least die together.

from the cold. For a moment they paused, for provisions with a lordly satisfaction. and smelt of it, then on with fresh fury af- His wine mellowed as it grew old in his cel-As the last fell from my hand the foremost out, and they were never relighted. This while his strong, cruel jaws met with a pain- him. In 1854 he died, seventy-two years fully audible snap.

Then Eric turned and looked at me-a enjoy his enormous fortune. this last anniversary of my spinsterhood in long, loving glance-and began knotting . As William Richards had left as a legacy So in dancing, feasting, and merry-mak. Instinctively divining his purpose of give. Richards left to his sons a love of strong ing the week sped, until a few hours more ing his life to save mine, I sprange forward drink. Thomas, Samuel, and Jesse were would see us all scattered in various direc. and, clinging to him frantically, I whisper- executors of the estate, and ordered the

north, the same from which our homestead over Eric, snatched the hunting-knife from in every possible pleasure and demanded derived its quaint Runic name. This was to his belt, and cut logge the nearest pony. all the profits of their factories to supply be our vail or greeting to the New Year- With an almost human cry of pain the poor them; and finding these scarcely enough, in Brightly dawned the eventful morning, after it. A few strides on'y and it was sur- Philadelphia, 30,000 acres of their land. clear as one's heart could desire. Blue was rounded, overpowered, down : and the last This went as fast as young men of fortune sounds we heard ere the welcome lights of can make money go. len snow sparkled and shone as though Stor Aswan came in sight were our baffied The workingmen were left unpaid. They strewn with living gems. All nature seem enemies growling and fighting over the re- clamored for their wages. At length they ed rejoicing like ourselves at the advent of mains of my gallant little steed. It was a threw down their tools, and the fires in the another year, and one already so full of cruel sacrifice' but necessity knows no law, glass furnaces went out, and the busy viland by it we were saved.

told tale of the "Salten wolves," or our would fight for him.

Strange History of a New Jersey Town. In the heart of a forest of stunted trees in Burlington county, eighteen smoke blackened chimneys standing as head-stones over the ashes as many once happy homes, tell the sad story of the utter desolation of a prosperous village of a hundred years ago. Batsto stood at the head of Little Egg Harbor, on Mullins River. It clustered about a romantic crystal lake that takes an ovol shape in the fringing foliage, and mirrors a sky of blue in a frame of green. The Quakers settled round it, and one of their number built an iron furnace on the brink of its outlet, at which were made cannon used in the Revolutionary war.

Working for Quaker Ball, the owner of the foundry, was a young Welshman, William Richards. At the Quaker's death he succeeded him, and added to the little village wealth. He paid the passage of emigrants and made them his retainers. On the knoll above the lake stands the stone mansion he thought, when suddenly I heard another built. It is 40x50 feet, with two story

Young Richards had inherited his father's love of power, and he ruled Batsto as a was then known as it is to-day as the Big and watch the inhabitants at their work or in their sport. He extended his power, and what is now Atlantic county, and embrac-Then began that terrible chase "for dear ing what are now the villages of Hammendone shirt, and was laying in bed while the life" which, though we should both live for ton, Ellwood, and Egg Harbor city. He twice our allotted span, we could never for; built dwellings along the four streets of get. Swiftly we sped along, our steeds im: Batsto, imported workmen, built two sawpelled by a terror as great as are qwn, until mills, two glass factories, one pettery, a they appeared almost to fly. Breathlessly three-story stone grist mill, dug a canal two we harkened, hoping even yet to leave the miles long to Little Egg Harbor, built wood. His son, Henry Ward, receives enemy behind. But no, they travelled with several scows, and put two schooners in the nearly seventy times that much; but he us, gained upon us, nearer and yet nearer coasting trade. The woods were cleared their cry growing perceptibly from an un- by choppers, and the wood corded around certain vague voice of the darkness into the the glass factories. Ten large buildings unmistakably wolf-like note. We knew were filled with busy men melting, packing, from the direction from whence it came that and cutting window glass. Between five they were tracking us by scent; so now our hundred and a thousand men found imployment, and there was not an idle hand in

> With the magnificent water power, made at the bottom of the sleigh, and prayed by the fall of the water from the lake, with more earnestly than I had ever yet done in the forests of pine, oak and cedar, with the my life "for an increase of the snow-drift rich vineyards that were growing about the or aught, even a miracle, if it might only village, all who passed that way predicted a flourishing city. Jesse Richards turned his On and on, for a time that seemed inter- own mill with the water power, and dealt minable, yet might in truth have been but the flour to his workman from his own store. a few moments. The storm ceased, the He sawed the timber and built the houses swiftly and steadily down upon us. In the and stored them in his own wine cellar. No gt, and that was the end of it,

middle of a white plain, with no nook or other store was allowed in that region but corner visible wherein we could take refuge, his, and no houses were built but with his and still nearly a league from home, our consent. The retainers of the Big House case looked hopeless enough. So our pur- were fed from the store and superintended my childhood, as it had been that of my surers seemed to think, as they now caught by the master. The caw-mills, the glass sight of us for the first time, and lifting factories, and the foundry made strange their black muzzles from the ground gave music in the wilds of New Jersey. In the vent to a howl of savage exultation. I could the pottery a pair of wheels weighing 3,500 have screamed, too, when I heard it, for pounds crushed through the sandy clay and fright was driving me half wild; it was so added to the chorus of noises in the indusutterably horrible to perish thus. But a trious place. In 1829 the foundry furnace glance at Eric, so calm'and steadfast gave was again rebuilt, and the date is inscribed

By 1840 ten iron furnaces were busy in Faster and faster we flew, like hunted an- in New Jersey, but the discovery of coal and imals, death behind us coming on apace- iron ore together in other States soon dealt a few yards more and he would claim us for them a heavy blow. The prosperity of his own. Already I could hear the rapid Jesse Richards made him the proudest, as breathing of our foes, see their fierce eyes he was the wealthiest man in the State. He All this, however, did not effect any of and white teeth, ghttering and gleaming in looked upon the fires as they gloved in his the moonlight. Prompted by Eric, I threw furnaces with a principal pride. He reviewout the bearskin rug which protected me ed his tenants as they collected in his store ter their old prey. One by one cushions, lar, and in the smiles of his good fortune. wraps, all went over to the hungry pack, he drank his joy. 1848 the farnace was so each gaining us an instant's precious delay. unprofitable that he allowed the fires to die wolf bounded forward, just missing my arm, check to the growth of his wealth pained old with three sons and three daughters to

the reins to the iron side of the driving-seat. to his sons a love of thrift and power, Jesse factories to be managed in their name. The "Dearest, remember, we stand or fall to- broad acres and thriving village returned to them a vast revenue. They made Robert A sudden thought, justified by our dire Stewart, a faithful secretary of Jesse Richextremity, flashed through my brain-it ards, their manager, and they left Batsto was at best a forlorn hope. Quickly I bent for Philadelphia. They lavished their wealth animal gallopped off with the ravenous pack 1855 sold to Matlock & Allen, clothiers, of

lage of a half centary was idle, and they met, In after years, as we sat round the fire at and talked over the days when up to the New Years's ove, with the storm beating Big House, "Widlam" Richards, as their. wildly as now against the casement, and the dialect turns the name, kept everybody well wintry twilight closing in, our children fed and paid, and so endeared the men to would ask to hear, "once more," the oft- him that he had only to ask them and they

> The young men returned to their home, and started the wheels of the factories and mill again, and gave promise of adding to the thrift of the village, but as soon as the factories began to return them more money, one after the other went off, until Robert Stewart was again compelled to treat with the clamorous workmen. A few of the old laborers, under Jesse Richards, agreed to work without their wages, for the sake of the village. Many moved away. The old house began to crumble, the old foundry. tumbled in, the canal choked up, and the mill stopped. Ten years ago the fires went out for the last time. The retainers of the Big House chose the best of the dwellings, and chopped wood by the day for enough to buy their bread. No rent collecter called on them, and as one house grew too old too be inhabited, they moved into another. The Big House was desolate.

Seven years ago the Post-office was taken away from the village and given to Pleasant Mills, a smaller place in Atlantic county. The old store at the Big House was exhausted, and there was no money in the town to restock it, and no money to patronize it if restocked. The carpenter, the joiner, the shoemaker, the blacksmith deserted their shops, and the doors stood wide open, but principality. From the old mansion, which nobody entered at them. The mill race burst and the splash of the falling water night and day recchoes as it did before Quaker Ball discovered its water power. The middle-aged men moved away, and the old man and women clung to the ruins. As the years weakened the timbers in the houses, they gathered in the strongest of them, and where one house would accommodate two families they lived together. They kept a cow or two among them, and raised pigs, chickens, and vegetables. The little returns from the woodchoppers bought bread and scant clothing. A few days ago a spark from the chimney of Robert Stewart's house burned his own dwelling and a strong sweeping wind carried the fire before it, and within two hours the best dwellings in Batsto were in ashes.

> Old John Brown's cabin out in Kansas, has been taken down and stored by the enterprising man who owns the old squatter's farm. But many visitors go to the place, and he does a lively business in selling his spare kindling wood as relic pieces of the cabin of the old hero, "whose soul goes

At a Brooklyn wedding, among the presents ostentatiously displayed, was a onehundaed dollar bill, a present from the moon emerged from her shetler, and we saw for his tenants, and gave them their rent. the guests had departed, the old man ecolly doting father to the darling daughter. After half a mile in our rear a dark line coming He pressed the juice from the rich grapes rolled up the bill and put it in his vest pock-

